

much fruit. He, and he alone, that *doeth* the will of God shall abide forever.

A person having just returned from church, was met with the following exclamation: "What, is it all done!" "No by no means," was the prompt reply; "it is all *said*, but not all *done*."

For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. Rom. ii, 13. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed. James i, 22, 25.

If ye know these things, happy are ye: if ye do them. John xiii, 17.

THE LOVE THAT KILLS.

It is not enough that wives must feel that they have the love of their husbands, writes Edward W. Bok in the February *Ladies Home Journal*. They should know it, and be told of it. Thoughtlessness and a misunderstanding of the nature of woman are at the bottom of all this unexpressed love. There is plenty of love abroad in this world, and a great part of it lies in the hearts of our American husbands. But it shouldn't lie dormant. When it does, it is the love that kills. It should be given voice, and as often and as warmly as the heart dictates. A good wife can stand a tremendous quality of love—all that any man can give. The danger lies rather in not giving enough than in giving too much.

It is not an unmanly thing for a man to love his wife, although one might readily believe so from the way some men go about it. Neither is it sickly, maudlin nor sentimental for him to show it. But even if it were all these and more, what? Who has a prior claim to a husband's love, and who a better right to know it? What is it that men do for their wives that is at all an equivalent for what wives do for their husbands? Provide for them? That's a duty and nothing more. In some things it is well that we go a little farther than the duty line. The more husbands remain lovers the better it will be for the wives of our land. It is the expressed love of a husband that makes a wife radiantly happy, and nothing else can take its place.

THE FIRST QUESTION IN HEAVEN.

God fills the earth and the heavens with grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls, writes the Rev. T. De Wit Talmage in the February *Ladies Home Journal*. Surely, God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be, "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once, and now so straight, so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears, and now her eye as clear as Heaven, so full of aches and pains once, and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, decendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotch woman, and there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do sitting in my chair writing for the *Journal*. You must see those women of the early nineteenth century and the eighteenth century, the answer of those prayers is in your welfare to-day.

God bless all the aged women up and down the land! Morning, noon and night let us thank God for our mothers and grandmothers.

SPOILING CHILDREN.

Sacrifice appears to be the predominating element in a mother's nature. She is willing to deprive herself of actual necessities for the sake of giving to her children, and when taxed by others with the too great self-denial will plead as her excuse that it is for her children.

Parents save and skimp themselves of many comforts; they toil from morning until night, with but one object in view—the future happiness of the sons and daughters God has given them, and in how many cases does their sacrifice result in fostering in the hearts and minds of those for whom they slave a selfishness that causes them to

accept all that is done for them as their due, and complain because greater favors are not in the power of the parents to bestow?

We know how the great mother heart has no boundry in its loving desires and earnest wishes for life's best gifts to be showered upon the children that lisph her name; but, after all, is this continual subjugation of self the best training for those that are in time to be turned loose upon the battle for daily bread and earthly preference?

The children who have been accustomed to get all that they desired, even though they crippled the purse of father and mother in the accomplishment of their wishes, will find that the great world is not so willing to bend to their slightest whim, and strangers are not prone to give up the best places and greatest good to them as mother and father have always done.

Life will be much harder for them if they have been spoiled at home, and the selfish nature which has been encouraged there will materially work against them when they come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. Remember this, all ye dear, kind-hearted fathers and mothers, when ye feel tempted to forego some personal benefit and plead that the sacrifice is made for the sake of the children.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

THOROUGH READING.

Bishop Vincent says, "One page of good literature a day, thoughtfully read, must produce beneficial intellectual results." Another observes, "Know a few books well rather than many books indifferently. Intensive is better than extensive reading."

Only a fact producible at a moment's warning from within the four walls of your own skull is veritably your possession, and only a thought which you have struck yourself can truthfully be called your own. To form the habit of independent thinking, it will not suffice to read another man's ideas; but these must be weighed and sifted by an exploration of their premises and consequences.—*Sci.*

Sins never travel alone. They go in families.